The Diaspora of Moonlight Interposed

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pastures and witnesses

never dismissive of the allegory camp politics
always curious about the pearl leads home
vacuums that neither dot on transients or land
figures in the submissive moments of prison-houses

already here with pictures and landing blocks unfurled
these were not evening steps that moved her
or strapping recalcitrant witnesses accosted by grass
the land and dirt and meadows found passive by night
if this was a passion play we would have basket mornings
only for the reason to catch and carry your displaced heart

time abrasive in its sequence

for June’s unseeing arrival in this small town
forbidden in the city, she visits us on time
where festering animals play in the trees around you
loving to look upon your walking months
there were no secrets May departed here
your arrival is sophomoric and under trial

at this late stage, comics surrender
under the impression all the domains, gone,
away for the summer blessings and trains
the rich away in the mountains and love-craft
aches and fires parley with folk dances
if only June means as much to you in time
several seasons blushing against the megaphone
chancing only real-world dislikened forgetfulness

God watches Sudan

God once told me that He/She/They
were really concerned about Sudan,
this was some years ago now,
God even suggested that I closely watch
even suggesting that I bring more attention
as I had with Burma/Myanmar
so many years ago, which was a challenge
to become an expert on another region
a complicated region
God's largest concern are crimes,
human rights atrocities, abuse,
though God cannot interfere we should

Shamefully, I was not in the right
psychological space to take on
that many crimes and atrocities
in the universe, though I did
come to know Palestine, over the years
and I expertly guided the landscape
of Burma/Myanmar, now having forgot more
than I knew, no doubt to God's disappointment

but I do know what God wanted me to do
It was almost a test, because the way the call
came to me was in ways to suggest it was a test
as if in a form of hesitation from labor
from the beating of my then vulnerable heart
I think about it from time to time
and I wish I would have gone down that road
to encourage others to watch as closely as God
I had the experience, I knew the excess
I let down God and what hurts worse
is that I let down the victims in Sudan

too delinquent to dance

caroling past grove jails
soil inside the body
cavities of snakes and plumage
contiguous sailors next door
tired irons in the basement
floor of microscopy farm hills
all too delinquent to dance

he’ven’s lasting travels (in dual time)

he’ven’s admitting the old pressure doors
like calibrations marching through the woods
if this were that point in dual time
we would walk off the pageantry for oil
Highland marksmanship and forecast innovation
too scared to chase down a lasting resolution
the memories do not toy with your fractured travel
pages where remedial divisions of rewards douse margins
sail with a market’d tool driv’n to full populace lungs
if only he’ven would appoint us passage markedly

A history of pantomimes

porch light duct tape hanging
mufflers from the aching ceiling

Mr. Clean white appetizer scrubs
gently remind you of the eye-sought

measurements have been bare
and brisk, for daunted proposals

rings too small for cement confessions
brings harrowing gifts into the bones
the mountains exhaustive trumpets
bring tragedy back into the comic arts

Progressive wilderness

hearts and greed-tinted
alabastrum signatures
of ceiling caves

no more of a mystery
than searching for lost
cosmic history

grounded chariots
no flames here or there
no cheap victories today

recalcitrant master-class

disobedient of superfluous social mores
as decency, even-handedness, rule of law
the ruling class calls into question all norms
up or down of an entire nation being tempted
limited viability runs horseshoes to hook keys
tending by taking away food and medicine
this commingled with their great wealth
invites but a short time a visit from God

solvent violin striking matches up the coast

everyday time pricks its prince request
like sherry-colored match equations
dining in the heat of exasperation
stills marking out the fragmented time

there were no lonely neighbors
along this cut on the Mason-Dixon line
stormy aquagroves patronizing in the streets
where twelve thin characters churn dailiness
were remarked this ocean’s palm so dwelth
chance would stand adjoined to prison’s parish

the shallows of the morning

sirensmiths south along the stones of troubled clef strands
tiring storm drains crying all the way to city hall
where passive aggressive autodidacts on a linen terrace
sing like a maelody caught in the back wailing of a railtruck
smoldering fires cast lots for the shallows of the morning
cinema tines try sparks where no one dared to move them
upon the written hours of restive space in doctored alliance
tending to pools of ash and weather-weights on high ropes
today the Smithsonian tracks injured calf-oil-like vestures
reckoning stammering roadstead passing fragile ligaments

tell that to the professors of jaunder porches

stealing mass graves
like a porch singing
in the hamlet’s natural fire

bespoke ashtray comics
loosening the teeth
of favored movements

harping desperation
will monitor cleanliness
like a radio wave
caught ailing in the sifted currents
preached to by sacred street lamps

today the ritual is over
now sleep too impatient coil

diving inside the city and letting go

gross-hoop wines of castor weddings
radiation trying not to mock the lemonade
seismic tolls for recreation and uninterested parties
indelible statures of disinterestedness cast poems
on the meat-sweat surface of where God calls me a crow
and informs me I am not as old as I think
leaving the past behind me, how could I dare
to get older than recognizing declining magnitudes
draping all along the floor like white magic sunshines
one day this memetic trance will join its twin

diving inside the city longing for weather bells
miles away from trihoral fabrications of dust and cloffing
either the pouting sainthooves of past exposure will drown
or take aberrant sailing tips under demarcated plains
leaving home

leaving home to go diving inside the icy city
I did not intend to hold a grudge or perhaps I did
am I building new grudges with my sacrificial art
new reasons to distant myself from all those partial blossoms
love and electricity meeting the tips of your fingers
drawing you to a lake where souls and hearts may swell
taking you to less partial equations risks dismissal
history must be honored just as this injury must be carried
without blue or black entries into the cosmos
kneeling for paper, for castaway smoke, and letting go

wheat

we have sequestered songs of defeat into holding cells
like fragments of the vine, they step or stand out of order
hoping for a longer day in which the rich might triumph
and the folding wheat might snap in the noon sun
unlike the other rebels, tossed, clarified, and solicited
we know the battering ram was dulled to a soft projectile
where mother hen parts on their first robbed apartment
and the staples of morning arrives free at your door
there are stolid fingers of glass identical to severed chairs
rummaging, counting, solidifying, grass curtains underneath
tropic-sated anxieties and parsing weights of a loud cicurated
person on foot, trained, and in these dammed vessels, indulgent,
we lock indifference like shuffled papers not knowing reproach
or tolerance – no more than the diaspora of moonlight interposed

Second Soul

Blisters in the cowhide soul
Marked for wedding equations
Scoffed at by the magistrate
These tens of thousands
warmongers travailing snow caps
These were the tongues of Marx
Dung and vespers marketing
Morning baby's breath like stolid
dancing to bring the forest
home from sunken trees
Remember the vows of loving
silence for God's satisfaction
you never met God's expectation

When the second soul drifted
It only sold shopping districts
While she made love in the storage room
They did not think you would know
believing you lacked capacity
Anything can be done to the vulnerable
Adultery, screaming abuse, gaslighting,
But never give him the help he needs
so that you can continue
your tripping lambaste of an affair
Leaving your husband for dead
no notes or letters
could cause your compassion
to resurface gracefully
like the innately loving person I knew

All In (domestic rocking chairs)

before the barking stalls climbing walls
before the punitive wire cable savages
singing of accumulative wealth in haste
and canons foggy in season and hell

there comes masks and brigades's fortune
strumming curtain-lectures smiling fall
never engrossed with tired chords absent
birds witness every conversation on land

the discipline of token regression and plain
born to mortified parents tossing plates
spinning their regrets into yours and hers
dare they know a lonely place for retreat

dare might hold see-saw oceans down
told on high where cliffs drown tides
cattle sniff-out the sunken bodies below
sabermetrics of palm verses die in wine
still coming home for a spell like triumph
still arduous spymasters, home in assurance

God named me a crow, and cautioned me to write, “You are too calloused to listed to My statement,”
speaking for the rare, distant, sobering Earth

inside the dirt of Autumn James where figures malleable unto Joins-town flight response
like peckered right-wing sailors sing the gospel and preach of inadequate weddings,
shortly after taking flight the groomsmen take shadows upon yourself like danger
forgetting we let rotten leaves be our nature, our neighbors to joy and intoxication
just let the gods you worship take you to Peking to explore the social life, knittingly,
not knowing the former squadrons or tales of crypts’s hideaways where figures roast

now is the knotting hour, letting appraisals sing God is here, God is everywhere
singing in the hushes of your mind, where you will not listen, or treat respectfully,
never to grace goes God, but to your fantasy illusion of a creator at a distance,
so sings God of you, and your poison leaves neighbors, never defaulting to a practice
of low squabbles, early nocturnal joys, and the presence of mind to bring My voice out
into the open dares the sparing rod that never did exist, never worshiped or adored,
and never did I need these things from you or your calloused aunts and uncles,
or your parting ways, dancing on elbows, allergic to the interpretation, that tide does not flow
and the greenery that marked the last faucet was allowed to drip like My message:

that you never listen, are never quaint, and never did you cast a spell to see My image,
for I only shout in the wild where a select few can see Me shine, and I will talk to them
while your partitioned sailors claim to the know the truth worth dying for, worth meaningless borders
and cosmic haunts that never make your way or accustom you to the sounds of My lungs,
now on Grand St and Peach Blvd, from 9 to 5, a door-buster sale on hailing armies to My might

These are the alibis of tailored painters and Naima Bock

the books on the counter were all too damaged to plead to self-protection
like a winter dressed high in the suits and dresses of calamity measured drones
these are towns that market their own pleasures as an alibi for peace and restoration
but the fabrication of the neighbor's jokes and prods never grew beyond ceremony

there were ill statesmen forming in the dresser drawer like a coffee plantation, so serene
never grasping that you would have robbed that dresser just a few short seasons ago, amiss
still we have never given holiness to the lighter and flatter grounds for the patterned crawl
when we were young and believing in temple factories that never climbed fountain walls

this measure of a picture is a gently stationed projection that she played while singing home
Naima Bock never wanted to hold back, though it is in her character to be humble, she is *socio-awe*
she weathers expectations from groups, family, friends, musicians, fans, to carve her own sand
like the stated statesmen in the dresser waiting for their moment in the sunshine to yell out sadness
we will never feel the mistake that is in our subconscious holding us back, an inhibited backbeat
it might be true some of us see each other where you summarize our stature like absent *wisp-forms*

denying the desert

These are desert tracks
they do not matter to whispering facts
where tulips dance under the soil
and cashmere elephants prance
the lofty reprise has closed the tracker
sleep is for the timid of earth handfuls

Where God was not consulted. (now you brought me. now you showed me. now is the time for trees. vision now un-marked.)

soil and smoke froze to a house
like April grenades milking catharsis
where an adroit blacksmith cart a semi wheel
draping the furniture with ghastly deliverance
omnipotent Graceland daddies never in the story
but the furnished greens did mask envy
over the eloquent stash of money in her shows ‘’

where soil and smoke roam free
away from greed and toxins
dare not jump the Earl of Sussex
like earth-patterened children
born too soon where months
make all the difference, like candles
buried in the snow and resting by the window ‘’

mother, please, here my language-dunes in like time
where the stomach pitches time as a rough saber edge
now is the time for trees where huddled masses
experience the laughter of the lies in person
pearls addressing the courted hymns of trousers
stop and fabricate songs for men gone to sleep
sinned bones did not take away the images partially seen ‘’

callent scribe scaling speaking turns colliding agency of mercy and the freedom of peace

old enough to be a watcher of populations, crews, or individuals
come into their own or aimlessly gather on ailing neoliberal glass
few grow from where they were stationed to rooted conservation,
to where they always wanted to be, away from stark colonial grass
this is what is waiting for us, if one is fortunate enough being,
to see the day as a turnkey operation to view the consequences
faced here, there, calmly or not, a tombstone's call and response

Entangled by Gratitude (and to one day standing beside breath's barrow)

frolicsome masses mailing goodwill to resistant external fabrications of agency
apologies given to advocates traveling at two different speeds, sleeping allegories
marked on trenchant forestry hall-parks like leavened demarcated heavens
stalling for time on a master-class porch light, spinning in place for darling doves

not realizing the temperer dared not scratch the temple posts with the hooves of transit
on a rowboat across the ravine of transient congress, demoted by stall-casting love
embarked on a title, conflated with hesitation and the emperors derailing manifestations
where false prophets and denounced rhymes go to sleep in the same bed far from our home

thankfulness and goodwill free the people from the emperor's wreath of obsession
the knotting toil never leaves a grateful people who save the wider population from judgment
these are the last things we think of when the coins get out-maneuvered about the lost cost
now adjudicated beneath the breath's barrow we have tied all maelstrom leanings on the coast
this absent caller was never ours to learn, heaven only wanted us to turn away from the shouting
leaning on stalwart conjoining can incapacitate many frail mornings for the masses of leavening parks
different beliefs do not demand harsh governments counting the last stand here where weather grows
an altruistic people only need to sail apportion in our mercy, away from an obsolete, cuffing obsession

Misdiagnosed Comfort in Our Movements

Saluting sailsmith laundry horses
like caretakers on a farm

Mistrust leads to envy
and desire to ral substitutes

Distracted by an army of fools
the heat of desire and prey

Ostracized and diluted
no one could have wished her return

Like elbow doorknobs
she visits your pain

Your mercury bent appraisals
figuring money is where you come from

But you have both been allowed to temper
by the train stations of lack in trust

Demeaning and of deprecating fervor
we met God in our rooms

To our surprise people believed us
though how far they were taking it
was a matter of altruistic uneasiness
convergence on the sailing tint of comfort

like dawn tenured time, you yearn

circulatory bowing in our hearts and minds
to table tablature sightings in betrayal
the song of the horses, trail minded from the scent
this ring of adultery that she presented
was not a deciding factor in my abandonment

it was the yelling, scaring away the horses
the horses that spoke to me as a realist
and dawn tenured time
where pronunciation makes the caves
like dust on a pedestal of trust

Remembering the consequence of fishing nets

God told me to stop and tend to my mind
like environmental damage, Jonah was a virus
if only it took three days for pool parties
and raffled off evening gowns to obstruct
where likely amends were never optional
just a day on the ceiling where God left us
now recalling a history of love, above it all
letting go of the battery and crimes to tell
we were only meant to survive for ourselves
where being a victim is a shade of the past
there is no counsel I can provide from here
just letting God take me away from the crowd
a natural consequence is clarity of mind
so, too, will fishing come to surcease terms

Donations to the stolen market: the starving artist assured

where patterns contour in abrupt explanation
like a doctored letter to a friend in passing
we hail no coordinates or break even from here
we gamble to market strategies for our families

leaving the unsupervised to the risk of homelessness
leaving the institution of the starving artist in place
and then have luncheons about those very souls
claiming what geniuses they were, though abandoned

they subconsciously want the artist to suffer
leaving no doubt artists can do what they cannot
we can suffer and survive, with composure
though they will not hear us or see us under light

one day their children will repeat the fornication,
the disgust of saying it was shameful to let us suffer
and to question what a blind society it used to be
though without doubt they will do the same

leaving their generation's artists to suffer again
like noblefolk in a market of stolen donations
only the construct of physical attractiveness
saving a few among the many, survivability assured

Wall St. MDs

Broken stanzas pitted off in remorseful tones
where bleach saturated grates down missals
like shinning grievances dancing on the army –
stray possibilities on loan from doctors on Wall St.

leaving every dime

a caravan of broken language
stoutherie window empowerment
like the severed tips of malnourishment

barking among a crowd in Tavullia
where pardoned sinners smoke apple cigars
and saints open the door for them in courtesy

halitosis sainthood charming orders
tanks in the backroom of a bistro
salvaged card sharps hustle God
leaving every dime upturned
just silt before an escaping fire

Without Capital or Depravity

Above ridiculous separatism
He or She is beyond timid dynamics
God is an honorable statesmen of the cosmos
without human indulgence for They vs. I

Without God we are as we are
humans trending upwards towards hate
humans spiraling down away from empathy

God is the first craftsman
if one is fortunate they might find the umbilical cord
and follow it to the heart of the commons
without capital or depravity

So many sold desert mornings, away I will go

If we scatter
to pillows laid down on ginger
saber-rattling dragging through the town square
had fun today, the waves were screaming
holidays jumping up and down on irons
television sycophant dressings
it is here you lost your spouse
keep measuring the eucalyptus
like dock making in charge of starch
one day leaving us, and away I will go
and the desert sun lies awake

Elephant Recycling

burrowed in the low lying branches
the trees are acoustic slumber
tresses in the night, corded and smoking
illusions to the snakes, sugar for asphalt
hallucinogenic mornings beyond the painted weeds
crater screens on the front porch steps
the elephant is talking, today is near
today is close the last trial
the moment of the last thought
is the start of the first thought
grieving will be illusions shared by very few
this impression awake in time